

appealed to Mayor Harrison to revoke saloon license of Ald. Tearney.

House detective of Hotel Blackstone slapped fat cook on stomach. Dozen eggs began running

out through his shirt. Also a pound of butter and some bacon. Arrested.

Mrs. A. L. McCarthy, 2419 W. Monroe st., fined \$100 charged with keeping a resort.

INDIAN CHILD HATES SIGHT OF HER OWN PEOPLE

Lolo, full-blooded Indian girl, is afraid of her own race and despite her 16 years she shudders at sight of a redskin. That is the peculiar antipathy that has been

sense—an ability to read the mind of her foster father.

When Lolo was only a toddler she could tell by his expression whether he saw an Indian in the distance or whether his mind was bent on Indian affairs.

The strange talent of the wee Indian maid was fostered. Now she is on the stage in an exhibition of mental suggestion. She reads everything her foster father sees while black sticking plaster blindfolds her and while her eyes are bandaged she shoots an arrow and a rifle with perfect aim, the targets being articles placed by the man whose every thought she seems to be able to divine.

J. L. Gotton, Lolo's foster father, formerly was Indian agent in South Dakota. He accompanies the girl on her vaudeville tour.

Lolo is a direct descendant of Chief Rain-in-the-Face.

Lolo declares that, way down deep in her heart, she loves Indians, as they are her own flesh and blood. She cannot explain the peculiar feeling that comes over her at sight of a member of her own race.



Lolo.

asserted by Lolo ever since her early prattling years and a strange thing about it all is that it led to the discovery that the girl was blessed with a sixth

"Want to buy a dog, Pete?" "What ails him?" "Nothing." "Then what are ye selling him for?" "Nothing." "I'll take him."